

# The Washington Times.

Published every day in the year.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE,  
Tenth and D Streets.Subscription rates to out of town  
points, postage prepaid:Daily, one year, ..... \$3.00  
Sunday, one year, ..... \$2.50All communications intended for publication  
in the Times should be accompanied by the  
name and address of the writer, for the editor's  
information and as a guarantee of good faith.  
Manuscripts will be returned only when the  
necessary postage is sent for that purpose.When the Times is not found on sale at places  
where Washington papers usually are sold, in-  
forming purchasers will confer a favor by  
sending this office of the fact.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1903.

## Daily Calendar of American History

November 7.

1785—Twelfth Continental Congress meets at New York.

1811—Gen. William H. Harrison defeated the Indians under the Prophet at Tippecanoe.

1814—Battle of Pensacola.

1867—Elijah P. Lovejoy shot while defending his printing press and paper at Alton, Ill., from the attack of a pro-slavery mob.

1861—General Sherman takes Port Royal.

1861—Battle of Belmont, Mo.

1862—General Burnside supersedes General McClellan.

1863—Meade captures a part of Lee's army on the north side of the Rappahannock.

1885—Cleveland issues proclamation ordering all insurgents and unlawful assemblies in Washington Territory to disperse.

## A Celtic Poet.

William Butler Yeats Coming to This Country.

The public is likely to hear a good deal in the near future about William Butler Yeats, an Irish poet, who is on his way to this country. Whether Mr. Yeats is personally received with much ado or not will, of course, depend upon his personality and his disposition to exploit himself as a poet, which certain newspapers will naturally expect him to do if they are to pay him any attention. But as to the quality of his work there can be no doubt.

Until about a year ago the name of Yeats was hardly known in America. One of his plays, a brief fairy drama called "The Land of Heart's Desire," was produced here two or three years ago, but his collected poems have not been generally known, and his essays have received even less attention. But those who have watched the development of recent English literature recognize him as one of the few poets to whom the thought is everything, and the popularity of the moment nothing; to whom perfect expression is an art worthy the deepest insight, the most scrupulous care, the most patient study; to whom the word inspiration still means the coming of a thought out of the unknown, the dominance of a force outside the personality of the man who writes, the expression of a law of creation which must be obeyed.

It is difficult to define the charm of his poetry, and it will not be felt by everybody. He has in a high degree the Celtic temperament, with its sense of the mystery and sadness of life, its perception of a beauty above and beyond material things, its essential idealism. Many of his poems deal with the old Irish superstitions, and with the supernatural element in Celtic tradition. Whatever may be the immediate popularity of his work, it is worth something, in this age of materialism, to find a man who absolutely disregards material ideals when his art is in question; and this certainly seems to be the attitude of Yeats.

## A Contest of Cooks.

Two Pittsburg Chefs Differ as to the Use of Wine in Cooking.

Two chefs in the city of Pittsburg, Dowst and Petit by name, have had an argument about the use of wine in cooking, and they propose to settle the matter by a contest. Dowst will cook a seven-course dinner without using any wine flavorings, and Petit will cook one in which wine will be used wherever it is deemed an improvement. A prize of \$1,000 is offered to the winner.

This is a contest which may be said to be of some use to the human race. The question of using wine in cooking is one which has been often debated in this country, and while it is not likely to be settled by any such event as this, the discussion of the contest will tend to give the public more respect for cooking in general, and a higher ideal of the skill required for this art.

The probabilities seem to be in favor of Petit's winning the contest, although this will not prove that wine is necessary to the ordinary cook. In cooking a seven-course dinner, including numerous elaborate French dishes, the use of wine flavorings much improves the food, especially when it comes to sauces. But many good housekeepers will testify that a fam-

ily can be brought up, well fed, and accustomed to the most toothsome dishes on all occasions, without the use of alcohol in any form.

Most of the old-fashioned American dishes do not depend for their flavor on the use of wine; they are good if well cooked and made of good materials, and not otherwise. Some housekeepers use wine rather to disguise bad cooking than to improve well-cooked food by an added flavor. In short, wine improves a meal when it is used in dishes intended to be flavored with it, and when the bill of fare is of a sort which harmonizes with such flavoring; but in ordinary plain American cooking it is out of place, and only serves to disguise defects which would otherwise be glaringly apparent.

## Mr. Jerome in Arms.

He Gives the Tiger Fair Warning That He Is Hostile.

Mr. Jerome is quoted as having made some very vigorous statements on the subject of the election. The public rather expected that he would, and he has not disappointed it. He says that if Tammany expects to have a wide open town it will be greatly disappointed; that he will do all in his power to enforce the law, even if he has to borrow from private funds to do it, and that if New York city likes to see its district attorney using private money to enforce the law it will undoubtedly have that pleasure. In short, he has given the Tiger warning that he is on the warpath.

It remains to be seen how much Mr. Jerome will be able to do to carry out his promises. The Tiger is a formidable beast for one man to attack, and in the present situation Mr. Jerome is practically alone. If he succeeds in doing anything he will prove himself a man of sagacity and force.

The personality of Mr. Jerome is one of the most marked in New York today. He is a man to be well loved or well hated. In many respects he resembles President Roosevelt. Both men have that aggressiveness, that bulldog pluck, and that fearlessness of consequences of which we are wont to be proud as characteristics of our race. The public has been keenly watching both for some years now, in search of some flaw in their honesty of purpose, and the flaw has not been found.

The reputation of Mr. Jerome, like that of Mr. Roosevelt, rests largely on his honesty. He cannot deviate from this line of conduct without wrecking himself politically. There is no reason to suppose that he will. In these circumstances, it might seem no great task to be honest. But it must be remembered that the man whose ideal is absolute civic honesty is likely to be confronted now and then with some emergency in which, if he decided according to his convictions, he may lose his reputation for good judgment.

It does not take much to ruin a man's career when he gets up into the limelight. Mr. Jerome takes the risk of being considered a Don Quixote when he makes speeches such as the one quoted, and in New York that is no inconsiderable risk. Men of fearless sincerity are not so common as yet that we shall enjoy seeing them thrown out of power. Let it be hoped that the people's faith in Mr. Jerome's sincerity will give them also faith in his wisdom, and that his pluck may be rewarded by power to make his blows tell.

## Chicago Policemen.

The Big Foot of Chicago Breaks Into Police Efficiency.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, is quoted as saying that the efficiency of the Chicago policeman is impaired by the size of his feet. He says that when the men of the brass buttons go about to raid dives and gambling places, the quarry hear the tread of their number thirteens affar off and are gone. He does not suggest, however, any practicable remedy for this thing. Does he expect the Chicago policeman to cut his feet down to the normal size?

The Chicago foot was long a national joke, until a serious blow fell upon tradition in the shape of statistics. A show whose chorus was made up largely of New York damsels landed in Chicago, and Chicago chorus girls came into it as recruits. It was proved by actual experiment that the feet of the New York girls exceeded in size the feet of the Chicago girls, and that the smallest foot in the whole show was grown in the Windy City. Since that time the foot of the Chicago girl has been less in evidence in the comic papers.

But this entrance of the Chicago foot into the criminal problem is more serious than a joke. The prevalence of crime in that city has long been a matter of grave concern to the good citizens, though New York has always

claimed superiority in the matter of wickedness. Whether Chicago could be as wicked as New York if it tried hard, is a matter of doubt; New York thinks not. But even the comparatively mild sin of the city by the lake is more than her best people want, and they have been searching for the cause for lo, these many years. It now turns out to be the foot of the Chicago policeman!

There is a sort of hopelessness about a fact of that kind. It cannot be argued away, and missionary work would have no effect on it. Perhaps pneumatic soles to the policeman's shoes would solve the problem.

Mr. Barrie's play on indigestion seems to be making work for the doctors in London town.

Senator Gorham seems to be of the opinion that the way to keep the race question out of politics is to drag it in by the scruff of the neck.

A county in Illinois is so infested by cyclones that no farmer is utterly discouraged, even if his crop is a failure. He sits down and hopes that the proceeds of his neighbor's crop will be blown in at the window.

If the Panama Canal is half as troublesome when it is built as it has been lately, we may be driven to wish that the isthmus of Panama had been left out of the creation.

The Authors' Association recently petitioned that manuscripts be classed as third-class mail matter, but the trouble with that is, that some authors' manuscripts can only be classed as nuisances.

The "New York American" is now posing as the Tiger's next friend, but it is not always safe to be the next friend of anything that wears a suit of clothes striped crosswise.

Apparently Uncle Sam has concluded to apply to the new-born Panama Republic Phillips Brooks' famous compilation, "Well, well, this is a baby!"

If the Democratic party is hard up for a candidate next year it might extract David B. Hill from his retirement. He is used to being pulverized.

Algernon Sartoris wants to annex Canada, but he will have to be a bigger man than Grant in order to do it.

White supremacy is a good thing when it is kept clean, but some of it needs to go in the wash tub.

The Hon. Seneca Payne says he sees no significance in the recent elections. His Mr. Payne learned that his home city of Auburn elected a Democratic mayor.

## The Country-Made City Man

Former President Grover Cleveland has taken for the text of his latest essay about things out of the realm of politics "The changes that are going on in our rural populations, and the steady stream of sturdy young men and women toward the cities, with the dangers apparent in such a widespread tendency." But against his arraignment of the "town-made countryman," there is something to be said for the country-made city man, and his wholesome exodus to the green fields and the old pastures. It is a modern movement in American life whose extent is made impressive by a few figures taken at random from the documents in evidence.

There are 1,122 organized clubs for golfing in the United States, and the clubhouse and courses represent an investment of \$300,000. In 1898 there were not thirty automobiles in America, but within the first six months of the following year the companies formed for the manufacture of automobiles had a total capital of \$268,000,000. On August 1 of this year nearly 7,000 machines were licensed in the city and State of New York alone. Twenty years ago the total outfit for equipment in baseball, tennis, rowing, etc., was only \$2,000,000, whereas last year \$10,000,000 worth of sporting goods were sold. In these notable progress of outlay, scarcely one dollar in a thousand is spent for city use, but is employed in carrying great armies of the city-dwellers to nature, away from the "twice-trodden air" of the "guttery paving stones."—Illustrated Sporting News.

## Monologues of the Great.

Chippendale was reviewing his work. "True," he declared, "I have built some pretty good furniture, but I never made a bureau the collar-button couldn't roll under." Hereupon he went to think how little real use he had been to mankind.

Captain Kidd was on his deathbed. "What a fool I was," he muttered, "to bury my treasure when I could have incorporated it into a watered stock company."

Lord Chesterfield was complimented on his politeness. "Yes," he explained, "you see I have never had to ride on the elevated road or use a telephone."

Thus is shown the baneful influence of environment upon the lives of the unhappy multitude.

## The Highest Birth Rate.

From a survey of birth rates of various parts of the world during 1901 it appears that three German cities stand at the head of the list—Essen, with 47.1 per 1,000; Mannheim, with 43.9, and Nuremberg, with 41.3. Only one non-German city rose to 40 births per 1,000, and that was Rosario, in Argentina. Of cities possessing more than a million inhabitants, Moscow comes first, with 36.9, and Vienna, London, Berlin, New York, and Paris follow with a decline in excess of 21 per 1,000. Rio Janeiro is at the bottom of the list of large cities, with a rate of 17.4.—New York Tribune.

## The Rose.

No matter whence the wind may come,  
Or how it blows,  
Or where it goes,  
We still have here our sunny friend,  
The laughing Rose.

Old Winter may unlock his vaults  
Or drifting snows;  
Yet in repose  
We catch the sweetness of our friend,  
The sunny Rose.

Here Recall lies, and ever warm  
The sunlight glows,  
And nature sows  
O'er and o'er again, our sunny friend,  
The laughing Rose.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## The People's Forum.

### Faulty Telephone Service.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:  
A recent complaint that appeared in your paper concerning the faulty telephone service in Washington is a wall that appeals to me, as other unfortunate citizens, who have found themselves helpless victims. No task is more unpleasant than that of talking over a Washington telephone. How exasperating it is to ring and yell continuously, and receive only a short reply at the end, is an experience known only to those who have had the misfortune to pass through it. Thousands of victims in this city will not doubt my truthfulness when I say it has sometimes required half an hour to obtain a proper answer to a call. Let a remedy be found at once for the trouble.

Washington, Nov. 6.

### The City's Guardians.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:  
As one of the hundreds of citizens who saw the parade of the Police and Fire Departments on Wednesday, I wish to express my appreciation of the good showing made by these faithful and unpaid servants of the public. The Times contained an editorial a few days ago in which the practice of holding an annual parade of the force was derided, but I, with many others, believe it is well to give the public an idea of the strength of the departments in case of riot or other sudden trouble. The police are unobtrusive, and are not noticed except under special conditions, and it is not a bad plan to let the would-be disorderly element see once a year what they will have to contend with if they try to override the laws.

Washington, Nov. 6.

### Skating on Sidewalks.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:  
A citizen recently complained to the Commissioners about the harsh treatment his children had received at the hands of a policeman. It seems to me all caused by the children taking up a little space on the sidewalk for the purpose of exercising on roller skates. The citizen was right, and so, perhaps, was the policeman, for he was only obeying his orders.

Washington, Nov. 6.

### Crowded Court Dockets.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:  
Now that the vacancy on the District Supreme Court bench has been filled by the nomination of Judge D. Thew Wright, of Ohio, will you allow me to suggest through the columns of The Times that an effort should be made to clear the dockets in the different branches of the court. This can easily be accomplished in the current term by a little more work—say an hour each day—by the members of the bench, and, in addition, making Friday, as in former times, a regular trial day as well as other days of the week. Instead of devoting Friday to hearing motions, as is the custom now, this part of the court work could be disposed of on Saturdays. If this plan is adopted, the dockets will be cleared by noon time next summer. After that time Friday can again be made motion day.

Washington, November 6.

### Works a Hardship.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:  
In not possible for me to take some action which will bring about justice for all concerned in the matter of storing and selling oil and gasoline? The recent ordinance adopted by the Commissioners is working a hardship on all who buy in small quantities, and the Standard Oil Company has again raised the price. The ordinance does not allow the small storekeepers to have the fluids in their shops, which means that the person who buys by the quart has to take it from a Standard Oil wagon, paying the higher price, or go without. The few gallons of oil the storekeepers had could not do any damage. Cannot something be done?

Washington, Oct. 31.

## In a Lighter Vein.

### Knowledge.

That you don't know what you can do  
Until you try, we'll grant;  
'Tis also true, alas! that you  
Do not know what you can't.

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### The World's Improvement.

"Do you think the world is getting better?" he asked.  
"Certainly," she replied. "Hardly any engagement rings have paste gems in them now."—New York Herald.

### A Bad Sign.

"It used to worry me when the barber informed me, as he invariably did, that my hair was 'getting a little thin on top.'"  
"But you got used to it, eh?"  
"No. Now it worries me because he doesn't mention it. I must be getting old."—Philadelphia Press.

### Willing to Waive That.

"Miss Angeline," began the poor but proud young man, "if I were in a position to ask you to be my wife—"  
"Good gracious, Mr. Throgdon!" she exclaimed, "in a position! The idea! Do you think I would want you to get down on your knees?"—Chicago Tribune.

### A Note of Life.

Spite of all his sorrow,  
Life's not such a riddle;  
The whole world would be dancin'  
If it only heard the fiddle!

—Atlanta Constitution.

### Her Favorite Months.

"Why do you marry in June?" they asked the prospective Chicago bride.  
"So I can have another chance at it in October."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Balky.

"What's the matter with the horse?" asked the dealer of the dispirited patron. "Does he run away?"  
"Run away!" was the reply. "Run away! He won't even walk away."—Chicago Post.

### Played Hiawatha.

March—When you visited the museum today, did you see the instruments of torture that are on exhibition?  
Heardwell—Yes; but the display is incomplete.  
March—What does it lack?  
Heardwell—A lodging house piano!—Tit-Bits.

### Finance and Finance.

"You are terribly distrustful this afternoon. Are you in love?"  
"I am, I know; it all depends on Bradstreet's. Papa is looking him up."—Houston Post.

### En?

Is it stealing, really stealing, when  
We say the shadow steals?  
Is there peeling on the chander?  
Just because the thunder peals?

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Courts and Capitals of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

### Tisza Son of Premier.

Hungary's new premier, Count Stephen Tisza, is a Lutheran, and the eldest son of the Grand Old Man of Hungary, who is on record as having held the prime ministership of Hungary for a longer number of years than any other statesman in Magyar history. He finally made way, of his own accord, for younger men, trusted and respected alike by political friends and opponents, and employed in a marked degree the good will of his sovereign, who over and over again had occasion to congratulate him self that, owing to old Tisza's flight in 1869, the sentence of death imposed upon him as one of the leaders of the insurrection of 1848 had not been put into execution.

The Emperor repeatedly offered to ennoble him, and had pressed him to accept of the title either of count or baron. But the popular statesman invariably declined the honor, feeling, in the first place, that a title could add no luster to his name, and, secondly, that the acceptance of a dignity of that kind would be entirely out of keeping with his revolutionary antecedents. His brother, the late Count Louis Tisza, was, however, granted the title of count in recognition of his services in rebuilding the town of Szegedin after its destruction by a flood some twenty years ago, and, as he was childless, the Emperor caused it to be made known in such fashion that the title would be inherited by the sons of his elder brother, the statesman.

The Tiszas are, however, by no means an aristocratic family, as might be inferred from the grant of this title of count in 1883. For the family figures repeatedly in the pages of Magyar history during the last four centuries, and is in particular associated with the famous lawsuit of a Jarmyde character, which, commencing in 1670, lasted until 1760; that is to say, for over ninety years.

### Estates Seized by Turks.

It seems that in the course of the Turkish invasion, in the early part of the sixteenth century, the Turks seized the Tisza estates. When the Turks were driven out of the country the lands, instead of being restored to their original owners, were coolly appropriated by one of the victorious generals, the Royal Duke of Modena. The Tisza of the day, Ladislas by name, sought redress in the courts, and obtained a judgment in his favor. It was carried from one court to another in appeal until, after having obtained at least two dozen decisions, all of them in favor of the Tiszas, the grandsons of old Ladislas finally brought the matter before the so-called Royal Curia, which, in those days, constituted the supreme tribunal of the kingdom, and without the sanction of which the decree of the lower courts could not be executed.

As the lands had now passed from the hands of the Duke of Modena into those of the Imperial house of Hapsburg, the judges were naturally disinclined to take any steps in the matter. Nothing daunted, the Tiszas took it in turn to sit day after day from morning until night at the entrance of the judgment hall of the Curia, never permitting one of the judges of the latter to enter or leave the place without acknowledging him with the exclamation, "Will you not kindly take my case into consideration?"

### Became a Nightmare.

This toward the end of a couple of years ended by becoming such a perfect nightmare to the judges that they finally appealed in despair to the Empress Maria Theresa, threatening to resign a body under which they were free from all species of persecution. The Empress, seeing that the Tiszas had the right on their side, and that public sentiment in Hungary was all in their favor, the confiscation of their estates by the Duke of Modena being regarded as a piece of Austrian tyranny and spoliation, opened up negotiations with the family, and in consideration of withdrawing their plea and their claims as far as the courts were concerned, conferred upon them a number of crowns lands, comprising the villages of Costat and Maza Gyan, as well as immense tracts of "pusta," as the prairies are called in Hungary. These lands remain in the possession of the Tiszas today.

The present chief of the family is Count Stephen, who has just been appointed premier. He is a man of about forty years of age and much more careful in his dress than his illustrious father. The latter was, without exception, the most shabbily dressed man whom I have ever known to hold high office, and it was rather on account of his threadbare Hungarian costume than by reason of his revolutionary antecedents that, when prime minister of Hungary, he was nicknamed at the Court of Vienna as "Schober," that being the patronymic of the most famous bandit leader in the annals of Hungary.

### Condemned With Ney.

In my brief pen sketch the other day of Michael Grace's son-in-law, the Earl of Donoughmore, who only eight years ago was playing at Oxford the part of Humpty-Dumpty in a dramatic version of "Alice in Wonderland," written and composed by his fellow New-graduates, but who now, by his appointment as undersecretary of state for war, has been set in authority over "all the King's horses and all the King's men," I omitted to mention that it was his great-grandfather, the third earl, who at the time a mere Captain Hutchinson, played so prominent and I may add chivalrous a role in connection with the romantic escape of the Marquis de La Valette. The latter, who through his marriage into the de Beauharnais family, was bound to the first Napoleon by ties of relationship, had been singled out after the battle of Waterloo along with Marshal Ney, Prince de la Moskowa, to suffer death as a traitor to the Bourbon cause. Marshal Ney was condemned to be shot, and according to official records the sentence was carried into effect, although there are circumstantial stories to the effect that he survived, or else got away prior to the execution and came to this country, where he lived for many years longer under an assumed name.

The Marquis de La Valette, who had been postmaster general of the empire, was consigned to the guillotine. Three days before the date appointed for his death his wife, accompanied by her daughter and her Dame de Compagnie, a lady of seventy years of age, present at herself at the Condemner's prison, in a sedan chair, to take a last farewell of her husband. While the under-garment was sent to a neighboring restaurant to fetch some refreshments, the marquis exchanged dresses with his wife, passed

undetected out of prison accompanied by his daughter and entered the sedan chair, which owing to the management of a faithful valet had been placed so that no observation could be made of the person entering it.

### Made Good His Escape.

Before the escape of the marquis from the prison had been discovered, he had found refuge in the nearby quarters of Captain Hutchinson, afterward third Earl of Donoughmore. There he remained hidden for three days, and then, dressed in one of the Captain's uniforms and accompanied by the latter, who had obtained both leave of absence and the necessary passport, they drove to the coast, the risk of discovery being great.

Captain Hutchinson, for the part which he played in this affair, was, on his return to Paris, tried and convicted for aiding the escape of the prisoner, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and was cashiered from the army. Some years later, however, his commission was restored to him, and the gallant grenadier died as a knight of the Order of St. Patrick. Let me add that the present Marquis de La Valette has American blood in his veins, his father, a Bostonian, of the name, I believe, of Welles, having been adopted by his stepfather, the last marquis but one.

## Bubbles.

Having their turn—autumn leaves.  
Goes without saying—the dumbwaiter.  
In days gone by—twenty-four hours.  
Even a newly-painted bridge needs going over.  
The grocer may be too fresh, but he's a salt seller.  
A cold wave—that of the Boston girl's hand.  
"Fall in" is the case at present, for summer is out.  
After a man swags horses he doesn't always drive a bargain.  
The stoopid climber says he has a tip-top job.  
Even a telephone girl may not respond to the voice of conscience.  
The collector is not successful if he cannot collect his thoughts.  
"Business is not dead," said the dyer, "but it is dying."  
The high school building isn't near so high as some of the skyscrapers.  
Getting stuck on green goods is enough to make any man blue.  
Experience is the best teacher, and she doesn't want her salary raised, either.  
The would-be aeronaut doesn't like being called "a mere upstart."  
Even the dancer who is light on her feet wants additional footlights.  
When you are accused of "dropping into verse," it is not so easy to crawl out of it.  
The poet may versify most beautiful verse, correct in their meter, complete, and yet, in the wait, or where women wear trains.  
Know not what to do with his feet.  
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Tibetan Children.

The children of Tibet are neither cuddled nor amused. No one pays any attention to them. They have no sweets and no playthings. If they are entertained it is entirely through their own effort or invention. And one diversion never fails, for they are experts in riding on the backs of cows or horses, it hardly matters which.  
A Tibetan baby differs widely from other children in seeming to have little nervous development, and consequently slight capacity for "taking notice." So, says the author of a book on Tibet, a baby living in Tibet with a traveling party attracted the greatest amount of attention. He was only an ordinary child, but his wide-awake interest in life seemed to the Tibetans something amazing. They would come on tiptoe, their tongues protruding, to stand and gaze at him asleep in his hammock, then holding up both thumbs and putting out the tongue still farther, in token of approbation. When it came time for his bath and the tent was closed on account of the draft, men and women would pull up the flap about the bottom, and the whole aperture would be filled with dark faces and laughing eyes.  
"White child!" one would call, and then another.  
"See her put him into the water!"  
"He will die!"  
"Why does she not bathe him with butter and leave him out in the sun?"—Youth Children.

### Ideals.

I look to find Perfection; and the mocking stars disclose  
A solid spot on the sky and a canker in the rose.  
A lovely woman burdened with self-consciousness  
Unrepose.  
I look for Wisdom; and I see a preacher, fresh  
Lay off the way to heaven with a compass and a rule;  
A doctor that's a charlatan—a teacher that's a fool.  
I look for Virtue; men are flies, who lose their souls for honey;  
The women see their dragged wings, and laugh and think it's funny.  
And scorn their fallen sisters—and wed a man for money!  
I look for Inspiration; from what cesspools poets pump it?  
Why, even Kipling tootles on a penny pewter trumpet.  
And Homer sang the Trojan war—a struggle for a trumpet!  
I look for Honor; stay awhile—what honest men are these?  
A politician out for plums, a lawyer out for fees.  
Go to! I'll get a lantern and join Diogenes!  
I look for gods; I find things that make the angels weep—  
Jehovah killing Canaanites and eating slaughtered sheep.  
And Jove debauching women, and Buddha sound asleep!  
Perfection, Wisdom, Virtue, Inspiration, Honor—  
—puh!  
They all go up in smoke—they're made of very fragile stuff—  
And yet I'll find them if I keep on looking long enough!  
—Indianapolis Sentinel.

### Chronicles.

Fame is like a river; it begins little and grows big as it goes on.  
When a man does right with an eye to consequence his action may be right, but his motive is wrong.  
The cruelty of Nature is part of the scheme of the world; like the world, it is temporary.  
Be as precise in promise-making as in promise-keeping.  
Marriage without love is a ghastly mistake, because it is unnatural.  
—Houston Chronicle.

## Political Gossip Here and There

### Cockran for Congress.

Now that the Hon. George B. McClellan has been elected mayor of Greater New York, and is to resign the seat in Congress which he won in the past eight years, there is much speculation as to his successor. Rumor has it that the man will be the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, who, after wandering in the political wilderness for nearly ten years, is back again at the doorsteps of Tammany and anxious to return to Congress. Unless his arch-enemy, Croker, is taken for granted that Cockran is no longer interesting himself in New York politics; if he does not come to fill McClellan's seat, the cause may be that in Croker's command that he shall not. Cockran, believing himself big enough and influential enough to be independent of the chief of the arch-enemy, Croker, has taken for granted that Croker is no longer interesting himself in New York politics; if he does not come to fill McClellan's seat, the cause may be that in Croker's command that he shall not. Cockran, believing himself big enough and influential enough to be independent of the chief of the arch-enemy, Croker, has taken for granted that Croker is no longer interesting himself in New York politics; if he does not come to fill McClellan's seat,